

SOCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S THEATER GOSSIP

SANDMAN STORIES

President's Youngest Son Leaves for School



COUNTESS DE CHAMBRUN,
Who is Entertaining Her Brother-in-
Law and sister, Mrs. Wallingford.

Paymaster Henry A. Wise, U. S. N., has concluded his visit to his parents, Medical Director J. C. Wise, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wise.

Invitations have been issued for the debutante tea of Miss Elizabeth Rush Porter, who is to be introduced by her mother, Mrs. John Biddle Porter, and her grandmother, Mrs. Andrew Porter, at her home, 1121 I street, Thursday, December 12, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Three generations are represented in the invitation, giving them a most unique feature.

Monday has been chosen by the wives of the officers stationed at the navy yard as a day at home, and all during December they will strictly maintain it.

Major General Alekhie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Alekhie will entertain at a dance at their home on Christmas Eve, for their debutante daughter, Miss Dorothy Alekhie.

The officers stationed at Washington barracks and their wives have sent out invitations for a series of dances, to be given at the officers' club at 9 o'clock the first and third Fridays during the season.

One of the most brilliant pre-holiday events now announced is the subscription dance which will be given in the ball room of the New Willard on the evening of December 16 for the benefit of the Working Boys' Home. Mrs. Bryce, wife of the ambassador, and Mrs. E. W. C. Schaefer, wife of the minister, will be the featured attractions of the dance, for which invitation subscription lists are now being made up. The young society women interested in the cause are sending in the list of names of men whom they desire invited, and considerable interest attaches to the question of just who will be invited.

Mrs. Walter Tuckerman is president of the Working Boys' Home Association, other officers of which are Mrs. Walter Wilcox, Miss Hildegard Nagel, Miss Sophie Johnson, and Miss Marie Stevens, and others.

Among the diplomatic hosts who entertained the members of their respective staffs and others at Thanksgiving dinner last night were the French ambassador and Madame Jusserand, the British ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, the Mexican ambassador, the Japanese ambassador and the Russian ambassador.

Miss Lorraine Herman is the guest of Miss Ruth Weil, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mendes Hecht, of Baltimore, was in Washington for a few days during the week.

Miss Blanche Weil, who has been visiting Miss Natalie Mayer, returned to her home in Lancaster, Pa., today.

Miss Bertha Halle, of Baltimore, is the guest of friends in Washington for a few days.

Miss Mack, of Macon, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. M. Langford, of Fourteenth street.

Mrs. Charles Goldsmith and daughter, Miss Annette Goldsmith, have returned to Washington after spending the past few weeks in New York.

Mrs. Ben Frank, of Baltimore, is spending a few days during the week in Washington.

Mrs. Harry L. Loebenberg, of Norfolk, W. Va., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Max Fischer, of Lanier place.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius I. Peysner, of the Georgia, have in their guest, Mrs. E. Wertheimer, of Newport News, Va.

Mrs. Louis Koenigsberg, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Charles Kaufman, of the Gibraltar, for the past month, returned to her home in New York, today.

Personal Mention

Miss Mary J. Lennon, of Pawtucket, R. I., a student at Trinity College, is the guest of her cousin, the Misses Kilgus, at their home, 2227 P street.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Dodge have bought the residence, 1812 N street, next to the Washington Playhouse, which was formerly occupied by A. C. Herstmann, of the German embassy, and have arrived here to make it their future home.

Attractive Actress in the "Hanky Panky" Company Makes Ugly Faces on Purpose, Says Julia Murdock

Florence Moore Changed Tactics on Stage Through Desperation.

Florence Moore, who is appearing this week in the "Hanky Panky" show at the Belasco Theater, is a mighty pretty girl. Few people who have seen her this week would believe this unless they were told, for Miss Moore is one of the very rare American comedienne who is willing to hide her good looks for the sake of her part.

Those who see her as she cavorts about the stage, wearing the nondescript garment which is half brother to a skirt, and cousin once removed to a pair of trousers—a regular suffragette garment—wonder why she is willing to hide her good looks for the sake of her part.

Her answer is, "I got the money." Miss Moore is the bright, particular feature of the "Hanky Panky" show. She is one of that class of stage beings who possess more than the average amount of good looks, and a strong sense of humor. She excels in making faces and has succeeded in capitalizing this accomplishment. Ever since Miss Moore became a Broadway vaudeville

Driven to Take Action

"It was only in a spirit of disgust that I decided to make the very worst faces I could, faces that have seldom been made from any stage. From then on I had my audience."

FLORENCE MOORE.

star, she has meandered upon her merry way, distorting her features into all possible facial angles, in direct contradiction to "beauty hints," and withal she has remained pretty to a marked degree, as I discovered when I visited her after a matinee performance.

When an actress possesses the gift of beauty and the art of eccentric comedy, she is easily torn by two conflicting emotions, Miss Moore said, when I asked her why she, being such a pretty woman, should be willing to make such awful faces.

"I spent an entire year on the stage in a vain effort to be funny," Miss Moore confided, "and for a year was a flat failure, because I maintained a certain standard of decent looks. It was only in a spirit of disgust that I let myself go at a matinee one afternoon."

"I violated every rule of stage acting and our best schools of acting by making faces, the very worst faces I

could make, faces that have seldom been made from any stage.

"My faces were made at an audience that discouraged me—you know the sort of audience I mean; the frowns, the faces that sit out in front and glare at one with imperturbable faces and folded arms, as much as to say, 'Now go ahead and make us laugh; I dare you.' Well, to my utter amazement they laughed at my faces. The laughter coming over the footlights charmed me even to a greater degree, and I answered them with more faces. Their laughter increased, and I turned around and found my partner standing quite still and apparently dumfounded."

"And after that it was all off. I had to continue making faces. Mr. Montgomerie declared that he wouldn't work with me unless I obliterated every possible claim to looks while I was on the stage. I still make faces, and quite often I whisper to myself that I might

Takes Advice of Woodrow Wilson on Matter of Looks.

which President-elect Wilson has made popular:

"As a beauty I'm not a great star. There are others handsomer far. But my face, I don't mind it. Because I'm behind it. It's the folks out in front that I jar."

Which is exactly what she does when she makes those horrible faces that she has so much to do with the success of "Hanky Panky" as a show.

Yet she might shine as a beauty star, for at a stage beauty contest held at the London Hippodrome three years ago, Miss Moore received one of the prizes, which was awarded her by popular vote. At a recent contest held by stage people, she was voted the most grotesque comedienne in America, winning a first prize.

Miss Moore confesses to an ambition to play Shakespeare. She admits that she has acted Ophelia, though only in the quiet of her own room, with the shades tightly drawn and the doors locked.

In private life Miss Moore is Mrs. William Montgomery.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

THE GREEN GRIFFIN'S CAVE.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a deep forest a very poor wood-chopper with his only child, Van, a lad of about ten years of age. The winter was very cold, the snows heavy, and as the father was ill a great deal, Van found it difficult to get along. Then the wicked lord who owned the land, was asking every day for his rent.

So one morning Van told his father he was going out to seek his fortune. "There is enough food in the house now," he said, "to last you, with only, for three weeks—by that time I will return."

So he drew his cap over his eyes, put a tin cup in his pocket, and took his way down the frozen road. All that day he tramped, and at last, after twilight, he saw a light twinkling through the bushes. It shone far up on the side of a rocky mountain, but Van thought he would see what it meant. So he climbed till at last he was far up standing just over the mouth of a vast, rocky cave. By leaning over he could peer into its interior.

It was a huge chamber all of green. The sides were of smooth crystal, of a delicate green, the roof of a darker hue, the floor was of soft, wavy grass. In the center was an immense pot, in which boiled and steamed a green liquid, and at its side stood a big griffin stirring it vigorously. A griffin is an animal something like a dragon, and has great wings like a bat. The griffin was sleepy, for Van could see him nodding, his ugly green head showing plainly against the red flames that shot up from the pot and lit up the cave. Suddenly Van's foot slipped and he fell plump right down in front of the cave and rolled inside almost to the griffin's feet.

"Hey! What are you doing here?" screamed the griffin, as he jerked Van to his feet. Poor Van was too much frightened to reply.

"Well, if you haven't any tongue, I know you have hands," cried the griffin, "so you take my place. I am tired. I have stirred this pot for three hundred years, two months, five weeks, four hours, ten minutes and seven seconds, and I mean to take a rest," and he put the big spoon in Van's hands.

So Van began to stir. The griffin ate his supper, but gave the boy none. Instead he brought a chain, put it around Van's leg and fastened the other end to a ring in a rock.

"Now, boy, you stay here and stir. Don't stop a minute. That pot is full of the juice of which emeralds are made, and the King of the Earth Gnomes put me at this job years and years ago."

At this job years and years ago, said the griffin, "I expect him back to-night, but I must get a breath of air. I will be back in two hours, but you stir or you will get thrown into the pot on my return."

So Van kept busy at work. He had heard of the Earth Gnomes who made the jewels that men find hidden in rocks, and he supposed that as the supply of emeralds was running low, that a new amount must be made and scattered over the different lands. The red flames leaped up and cast deep shadows on the green wall, the wind sang through the trees outside, and presently Van got sleepy. His spoon dropped on the floor and the green liquid bubbled over till it ran a tiny stream to the door.

Suddenly the boy was awakened by a



ALL THAT DAY HE TRAMPED

loud scream of rage and sprang to his feet—there, rushing at him, was the green griffin, his red tongue hanging out and drops of sweat rolling from his ugly hide.

"You have let the pot boil over, you imp!" the griffin yelled. "I will throw you into the pot yourself, the emeralds are ruined."

But Van did not wait. Waving the huge spoon above his head, he struck the griffin a strong, swift blow, and over it pitched, right into the face of the griffin. Now the griffin's mouth happened to be open, as he was yelling so loud, and the scalding liquid went down his throat, so that he curled up into a bow and flew around the cave in convulsions. The edge of the pot hit the chain that bound Van and it broke. Van was free. With a bound he ran to the door. Then, stooping, he took his old tin cup and scooped it full of the emerald liquid. In a moment more he was flying down the path through the woods toward his home.

"Father! father!" he cried, bursting into the room in which his father lay in bed. "I have come back to take care of you. See here, I have an emerald that is worth more than the lord owns," and he showed the huge emerald that cooled into a beautiful stone worth thousands.

But up in the cave the emeralds were all wasted, for the griffin was dead, and Van never went back. And that is why emeralds are so rare today.

Tomorrow's Story—"Brave Bess and Bobs."

BREAKS A COLD—NEEDS NO HELP.

Pape's Cold Compound cures colds and gripe in a few hours.

It is a positive fact that a dose of Pape's Cold Compound, taken every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken, will end the Grippe and break up the most severe cold, either in the head, chest, back, stomach, limbs or any part of the body. It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dizziness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, mucous catarrhal discharges, soreness, stiffness, and rheumatic twinges. Take this wonderful Compound as directed, with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world, which will cure your cold or end Grippes misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine. Belongs in every home. Tastes nice—acts gently.

In the Question Box

Mrs. Clark—Willow plumes are not as popular as they were some years ago, but it cannot be said that they have gone entirely out of fashion. If they are worn now, they should be put low on the hat at the side or the back in a horizontal position. The blouse "jackets" of which you speak may be made up to serve as a waist for a one-piece dress in almost any material. There is the most serviceable for business wear. Lanolin and cold cream, as prepared by the druggists, is one of the best remedies for chapped or red hands. Get 5 or 10 cents worth and rub it on the hands every night before retiring. Glycerine is also very good for the hands and is so absorbed by the skin that it can be put on at any time. The hands should never be uncovered in cold weather, and should always be dried thoroughly after washing.

Times Inquiry Department: Will you kindly tell me how to make pumpkin bread, where I can buy the four with which to make it, and give me also a recipe for apple jelly? H. H.

This department has no recipe for pumpkin bread and will be pleased to have any reader furnish one.

Apple jelly—Boak a half box of gelatin in a half pint of water for an hour. Bring to a boil the liquor drained from a quart can of tomatoes and add to it a teaspoonful of onion juice, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a bay leaf, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley with pepper and salt to taste. Simmer for twenty minutes, add the gelatin, stir until dissolved, and strain through flannel into a jelly mold. Serve when firm, garnished with lettuce and pour over all a mayonnaise dressing. This

Times Inquiry Department: How long has Ex-President Cleveland been dead? T. MCINTYREON STERLING.

Former President Cleveland has been dead since June 24, 1908.

Seen in the Shops

Last summer there were many sales of furs of all kinds, coats, hats, neckpieces, and even piala fur pieces. There were many to sell and many to buy, the prices during the timid purchaseer like molasses the exploring fly, and the anxious shopkeeper, eager to rid himself even at a sacrifice of the old stock, drew glowing pictures, always careful to leave all mention of coming styles tactfully out of the conversation. Though not a crime to appear in antiquated garments, the well-dressed woman feels no slight annoyance at finding the cut of her furs distinctly passé—especially after she has been patting herself on the back for being so smart as to buy at bargain rates. The only way to beat the game is to buy the right thing at the right time, at the right place, kiss your money good-bye with a good grace, and be satisfied with yourself for as many as four, five, or six months.

Owing to the great cold for which all are cautioned to prepare, and considering the prevailing tendency to utter extravagance, tremendous sums will be spent for the late fur this coming winter. Although sleeves are small and skirts are not as large as the bottom, there is great variety in the lines and general character of fur garments. The full length coat has been obliged to share its popularity with the coat of five-eighths length, and many chic models are shorter still.

Drapery is confined not alone to the soft and clinging dress materials, some of the softer furs lending themselves admirably to gracefully swooping lines from shoulder to skirt hem. Ermine,

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Philipsborn THE OUTER GARMENT SHOP 608 TO 614 ELEVENTH STREET.

Annual After-Thanksgiving Suit Sale Begins Today

The supreme bargain event of the season—the opportunity watched for and waited for by hundreds of thrifty, well-dressed women. More than one thousand suits are reduced—now marked \$5 to \$25 less than regular prices.

Included are all of the season's accepted models, in prevailing shades of velvet, corduroy, lustrous satin broadcloth, serge, sponge, and velour-de-laine.

Many Plain-tailored Street Suits, in navy and black, are among them. Alterations charged for during this sale.

- \$19.50 for Suits up to \$29.00
- \$23.50 for Suits up to \$34.00
- \$28.50 for Suits up to \$39.00
- \$33.50 for Suits up to \$49.00
- \$38.50 for Suits up to \$54.00
- \$48.50 for Suits up to \$75.00

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For \$2.50

They are all marked at the one price—\$2.50 for your choice of the latest styles, and in all the wanted leathers—no more (\$2.50)—no less (\$2.50).

In addition to the price concession that we got on these shoes because they are samples, the further fact of our economical retail enables us to offer these bona fide \$3.50 to \$5.00 value for \$2.50.

\$4.50 Evening Slippers for \$2.50

This is a very choice line of samples, made for the very best class of trade. You save almost as much as you spend when buying these slippers.

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